

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

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WHOLE NO. 177.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE

Is published every Friday, at Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, by the Executive Committee of the Western Anti-Slavery Society; and is the only paper in the Great West which advocates secession from pro-slavery governments and pro-slavery church organizations. It is edited by BENJAMIN S. and J. ELIZABETH JONES; and while urging upon the people the duty of holding "No union with slaveholders," either in Church or State, as the only consistent position an Abolitionist can occupy, and as the best means for the destruction of slavery; it will, so far as its limits permit, give a history of the daily progress of the anti-slavery cause—exhibit the policy and practice of slaveholders, and by facts and arguments endeavor to increase the zeal and activity of every true lover of Freedom. In addition to its anti-slavery matter, it will contain general news, choice extracts, moral tales, &c. It is to be hoped that all the friends of the Western Anti-Slavery Society—all the advocates of the Disunion movement, will do what they can to aid in the support of the paper, by extending its circulation. You who live in the West should sustain the paper that is published in your midst. The Bugle is printed on an imperial sheet, and subscribers may take their choice of the following

TERMS.

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We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors. All others to the Publishing Agent, JAMES DANNARD.

From the Louisville Examiner.

Virginia and Kentucky.

It is enough to call the blush of shame to the cheek of every true American, to see that the leading organ of the administration, the paper which is published at the seat of our National Government, and is the leading supporter of all the measures of the administration, is the open, avowed, and we may add, unscrupulous advocate of the system of African slavery. Yes, the organ of the Democratic party at the capital of the country, is in the habit of sneering at every man who has the manliness to express his disapproval in the righteousness of slavery, and of uttering contempt for every measure designed to limit the influence of slavery in this Republic.

An unsophisticated foreigner, smitten with the love of the "Mountain Nymph, Sweet Liberty," who should look into the columns of the national organ of the Democracy, would be amazed at finding in one column of that paper servile eulogiums on the Democratic tendencies of the age, as indicated in the political convulsions now in progress in Europe, while in the next column he would find no less denunciations of all those men in this country, who, in accordance with the spirit of true Democracy, a spirit which is no respecter of classes or colors, lift up their voices in behalf of the oppressed of our own nation. Such inconsistency would sadly puzzle a foreigner who should look into the Democratic organ for light on the subject of human rights, and the great doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

It is melancholy to compare the present language of the venerable editor of the Government organ, with that he uttered years ago. Has age impaired his judgment, that he cannot now see in the perpetration of negro slavery all those incalculable evils which he depicted with so much force many years ago?

In 1832, Mr. Ritchie was the earnest advocate of Emancipation. At that time, in the honesty of his heart, he could not reflect on the great evil of the ancient Commonwealth of Virginia as inflicting on herself by longer tolerating the existence of slavery within her borders, without the deepest sorrow. In eloquent tones he called on those in power in his native State, to exert all their influence toward her liberation from the awful curse which blighted her fair fields, and converted what were designed for garden spots of earth, into landscapes where the eye could see only desolation. At that time, while speaking of the infinite harm slavery was doing to Virginia, he said:

"Yes, something must be done—and it is the part of no honest man to do it—and it is the part of no honest man to do it—and it is the part of no honest man to do it."

When this dark population is growing upon us—when every new census is but gathering its appalling numbers upon us—when within a period equal to that in which this Federal Constitution has been in existence, those numbers will increase to more than two millions within Virginia—when our sister States are closing their doors upon our blacks for sale—and when our whites are moving westwardly in great numbers than we like to hear of—when this, the fairest land on all this continent, for soil, the climate, and situation combined, might become a sort of garden spot, if it were worked by the hands of white men alone, can we, ought we, to sit quietly down, fold our arms, and say to each other, "Well, well, this thing will not come to the worst in our day. We will leave it to our children, and to our grand-children, to

take care of themselves, and to brave the storm." Is this to act like men? Heaven knows we are no fanatics—we detest the madness which actuated the *Amis des Noirs*. But something ought to be done. Means, sure; but gradual—systematic, but discreet—ought to be adopted for reducing the mass of evil which is pressing upon the South, and will still more press upon her the longer it is put off. We ought not to shut our eyes nor avert our faces. And though we speak almost without a hope that the Committees or the Legislature will do anything at the present session to meet this question, yet we say now, in the utmost sincerity of our hearts, that our wisest men cannot give too much of their attention to this subject—nor can they give it too soon.

Well, the system of slavery still exists in Virginia, and all its blighting influences are still active there. But where is the voice of her sentinel? Alas, its clarion tones ring no longer with warnings against the perpetuation of slavery. The eye that then was pained as it wandered over fields desolated by slavery, is pained no longer. Instead of calling on his fellow-citizens to unite together in the great and glorious work of redeeming the State from a system of bondage that blights the joys of home, and withers the flowers of social happiness, as well as sears and blasts the fields, he is now engaged in justifying those who seek to perpetuate this bondage, and in condemning as traitors all who echo the sentiments that he spoke years ago when his mind was in the freshness and fullness of strength.

Virginia has, since Mr. Ritchie so eloquently denounced the withering influence of slavery, been experiencing still more bitterly its many bitter evils. Her patriotic sons are deserting the hearths of their forefathers for stranger homes. The Free States of the North-west, which are girding themselves for a race of true national greatness and renown, are every year enriched with immigrants from Virginia whose hearts have sickened as they contemplated the intense curse of slavery, as it lay like a black cloud on the soil and exhaled its pestilential influences on the social circle. Such men, the very bone and sinew of Virginia, the worthy descendants of those great and good men who were nourished on her bosom in the last century, are deserting their native homes for others in the States where slavery is not known, and where the soil and society are not suffering from any hopeless paralysis of their energies. Our own Commonwealth is not yet so far gone in the fatal embrace of slavery, but that she is able to rally her energies and throw the incubus from her breast. We rejoice that the example of the mother State has not been lost on the daughter, and that Kentucky, looking at the tale of Virginia, has resolved, before it is too late, to redeem herself from thralldom, and to stretch out her hand and grasp the greatness and prosperity which nothing but the wretched system of African slavery can prevent her reaching. The collapse of Virginia's greatness is one of the most melancholy of spectacles. Let Kentucky be warned by her example and be wise before it is too late: before the fatal system has, like a foul cancer, eaten too far into her strength to permit her to rise.

There are no people who cherish the feeling of State pride more devotedly than Virginians. So profoundly are they attached to their State, that they would not think of expatriating themselves under the influence of any force other than that of necessity. They look around them and they see nothing but wreck, and ruin, and desolation. There is no sign of prosperity in all the wide landscape before them. Fields once fertile, but now smitten with sterility, frown in every direction, and there is nothing to cheer them in the present, or to stimulate their hopes of the future. A leaden languor reposes on every interest. They then cast their eyes towards those younger commonwealths that have recently started on the career of national prosperity and renown. The contrast is overpowering, and with sighs upon the lip and tears upon the cheek, they bid adieu to old familiar things that make the haunts of their boyhood precious to their hearts. Go where you may in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin, and you will find men who have been driven, reluctantly, from the Old Dominion. Ask any one of the thousands you will there find, why he left his early home, and there is but one answer to that question. Slavery is banishing from Virginia a large majority of her best and most enterprising sons. Every year her case becomes more hopeless, and unless she speedily rises and with the strength still left her, throws off the incubus, she must sink lower and lower in the political horizon. Can any Kentuckian look at Virginia and refrain from vowing eternal hostility to slavery?

Protective Tariff—Slavery.

We find the following passage in a Thanksgiving sermon, preached by T. W. Higginson, Newburyport, Mass., from the text, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Do not complain of me for introducing this subject again, now that the election is past. There are peculiar reasons for introducing it now. That a large majority of you who belong to the whig party, have wholly changed your position since the election. The points which complicated the question before, are left behind now; the question is not now whether a choice of evils could have been avoided; nor whether a third party was practicable; nor whether Mr. Van Buren was a fit leader for that party—these were points which complicated the question before—whig speakers dwelt chiefly upon them—but they are gone now. For do you not see that, by your expressions of delight at the result of the election, you have voluntarily foregone all the defence you had when you candidly lamented for the 'necessary evil'? Do you not see that your very first cheer for President Taylor renounced that plea forever—and

accepted him as a good—and thus identified with your position his—as as to endorse him as a President for you before God and man? The question is not now whether it was your duty to oppose him when you thought opposition fruitless; you have not only not opposed, but going to the other extreme, you have accepted the triumph of your triumph, and rejoiced over it, and for that you are now to be held accountable. The facts of his election were before you, and you all knew, or might have known them. You knew that his nomination was one (in the language of your greatest man) 'not fit to be made.' You knew that he was first brought forward by ultra-slavery men, avowedly as the ultra-slavery candidate—that ultra-slavery men carried him through the convention, in opposition to the demand of the North, and then threw the Wilmot Provision on the floor. You know that the ultra-slavery men of the South, electioneered for and chose him on this ground—bargaining, however, for as many Northern votes as they wanted. You knew that he was a man professing of not the smallest political knowledge, a mere warrier, a mere slaveholder, and never could have been nominated or chosen, but by this ultra-slavery influence. You knew all this, or ought to have known it, and yet when the time came, and this so humiliating final stroke of the slave power triumphed, you accepted it as your triumph, and illuminated your houses!

And why did you triumph? Why did the North, or any part of it, feel this joy? Other reasons may have mingled, but I do not from my soul believe, blith as I may say it, that this one great reason stood, and forever will stand in history, underlying all, overtopping all this, that slavery or no slavery, consistency or inconsistency, honor or dishonor, that spirit in the Northern people, which 'lives by bread alone,' had secured its PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

Protection! That is the too fascinating word which has taken its turn this year and paralyzed the conscience and heart of New England, as a misallied patriotism did last year. There is no intrinsic harm in 'Protection,' as there is nothing intrinsically wrong in 'Bread.' But when protection means compromise of principle; when protection means help to me, gained by the sacrifice of honor, the sacrifice of pledges, the sacrifice of the rights of Freedom and of the slave; when it means, my dividends increased, by my consent being given to the proportionate increase of slave territory; when this is the meaning of that omnipotent word; then I say, from such protection God protect us! For we need to be protected against earthly blessings which gain so after a triumph over our souls. We need to be protected from the condition which 'lives by bread alone,' and to which all things are a visionary dream.

A year ago, many of you were indignant at the course pursued by the democratic party, in regard to the war. You called it base and wicked, and so it was. You said they shut their eyes to plain facts, took back their own words, were indifferent to honor, justice, and humanity, and voluntarily consented to extend the area of slavery. But if it was base and wicked to do this—now, but to make these sacrifices become carried away by enthusiasm for the bloodstained glory of war, by the childish love of renown, by the contemptible pride of brute force—tell me how you exult in it, when precisely these self same things to-day are done, only under different circumstances, and more gloriously, by the other party—from the enthusiasm, not for renown, not for force, but for a PROTECTIVE TARIFF?

Do you doubt these things? They are easy of proof. The dust of conflict and the smoke of victory may hide them now, but history will record them with terrific plainness. I think no one even now, who took much part in the canvass in this State, can doubt that it was that terrible 'bread alone' which carried the day. Other things were freely agitated—they would do to talk about—they would do to save men's consciences—impracticability of a third party—objection to Mr. Van Buren—choice of evils—these would do to help out those who hated to acknowledge the base reality; but a reality it was, none the less. A few thorough-going men might start for party, merely as party, through every thing; a few unthinking men might be sincerely convinced by shallow newspaper arguments, and shallower demagogic declamations, that Gen. Taylor was a second Washington, and that the buyer of 200 slaves was, on the whole, an anti-slavery candidate; and in many minds, these things come in secondarily to palliate the deep wrongfulness of the act; still the deep wrongfulness remained, and it was that simple, overwhelming Tariff, firstly and lastly, upon which the conscience of the North found shipwreck.

This much for the motive, and as for the act—it is so odd a story that I am weary of telling it. A party professing to be anti-slavery and another man, elected to the presidency one who never could have been chosen, had he not been both a slaveholder and a warrier. Never was there a political triumph in history more curiously thorough in its completeness, than this of the slave power over the whig party. Think of it once again. Gen. Taylor, nominated at first enthusiastically at the North, by conventions of all parties, solely on the ultra-slavery ground—these very conventions (as in Georgia) applauding the conduct of Mr. Calhoun and his friends—supported enthusiastically by leading Southern men from both parties, on this ground and no other: first urged in the Whig convention by ultra-slavery men, to the exclusion of all the old leaders; receiving at the first ballot 82 out of 110 slaveholding votes; thus nominated and thus urged, he received the endorsement of that convention: who after nominating him took no other position, except contemptuously to reject the Wilmot Provision. This was his introduction to the free men of the North; and never since then, in a single case, have his southern friends taken any different position. There has been no attempt at concealment,

conciliation, nor compromise. Not a southern whig ever urged him (at the south,) mainly on any other ground, or shrunk from urging him on this ground as 'the star of the south' that he was unvaryingly supported; and the original inventor of the phrase explained it in the next sentence, thus: (I repeat it, because we have accepted the phrase, and forgotten the explanation.) 'For by his express declaration, he will veto the Wilmot provision.' All that the opposite party could do (and it was a strong expression,) to rival him in faithfulness to the full demands of the slave power, was done—and against a candidate pledged to the same veto—He yet, felt to be more surely pledged, carried the popular vote of the slaveholding States by 20,000 majority—a gain upon the vote of 1844, himself a slaveholder—Mr. Polk himself did not stoop so low as Mr. Cass.

Here rests the case. I leave out of view all other considerations—my soul is weary of these degrading facts. Enough that under these circumstances, led by these influences, we are entering on the thirteenth slaveholding administration, out of a total of sixteen. Meanwhile slavery exists with all its horrors—already the slave power turns upon us and says, 'you have chosen our candidate, knowing what we wanted him for, and now prepare to go on and give us our new territory.' already is the new-born anti-slavery movement of the Northern slave States beginning to pause at the prospect of a new slave-market given by your compromise—the three millions of sufferers are destined to expand, perhaps, to four; and Massachusetts smiles on, secure in the possession of her Tariff. Slavery to her is still a distant abstraction: Protection, 'Bread alone,' a present practical reality.

From the Louisville Examiner.

Stand Still.

Some of the Hindoo squire make a merit of remaining for a life-time in the same position. Some of them choose the most uncomfortable positions, with the legs crossed, or the hands clasped above the head, and obstinately persist in retaining these postures, till death relieves them. The pillar saints, in former times, placed themselves upon pillars, and refused to make use of the powers of locomotion with which God had endowed them. These were in their own times decidedly the "anti-movement party." But we have figures and pillar saints in our times, and in our own country—men who place themselves in uncomfortable positions, and oppose all change. There are men now who stick to their pillars as obstinately as did Simon Stylites. These men oppose every change, merely because it is a change. They would have the whole world to stand still with them.—They admire Joshua more for making the sun stand still, than for leading the Israelites to victory. It was the stand-still men who persecuted Galileo for his discoveries. They were not willing to believe that the planet on which they were placed was moving so rapidly. They would have stopped Fulton's steamboat if they could. They throw themselves before the car of science itself, and command it to stand still. When it does not obey them, they seize the spokes and are dragged along. This is the only way in which they make progress. It was the stand-still men who refused to guard themselves against the small-pox by vaccination. They seemed to think the small-pox had its rights, which it was a sin to violate.

In the eyes of the stand-still people, every thing established is sacred. The existence of a thing is sufficient evidence of its excellence. "Whatever is right," they say sometimes have a faint idea that such and such a thing might be amended; but they check all such thoughts by reflecting that the thing has existed for some time. A pond of stagnant water before their doors, may breed pestilence, but they will not believe it. The pond has been there for some time, and it would be a great change to remove it. They will even find a Divine warrant for its remaining. It was placed there by the Creator, and he knew best where water ought to be. Besides, it has been of great advantage to the geese and ducks. It is no worse now than it has been. It has been of great advantage, too, in forming the characters of the children. It has made them good swimmers. Three out of every four have died, it is true, and it is said, that the pond killed them, but this is imagination. It is making a charge against Providence to say so. Let those who object to the pond try their hand at making a better world. We ought to take things as they are.

Mouse Headrigg expressed the feelings of this class of people in her address to Lady Margaret Bellenden. "Your ladyship and the steward has been pleased to propose that my son Cuddie should work in the barn, with a new-fangled machine for digging the corn free the chaff, thus impudently thwarting the will of Divine Providence, by raising the wind for your ladyship's sin particular use by human art, instead of soliciting it by prayer, or waiting patiently for whatever dispensation of wind, Providence was pleased to send upon the sheafing-bill."

But there men who are so aware to motion, are obliged to move a little. They then contrive to get into a rut, and never leave it. They set themselves in opposition to every new method of doing things. The old man who had been accustomed to carry a stone in one end of his bag when corn was very scarce, continued to carry the stone when corn became abundant. When the idea came into the heads of his neighbors that it would be better to fill the bag with corn he reviled them, and prophesied ruin to the whole country. The high character of the people was about to be destroyed. The mills would become pampered and would break the neck of many a rider. Widows and orphans would fill the land.

Charles Lamb, in his "Dissertation upon Roast Pig," gives a good illustration of this

disposition. It seems the excellence of roast pig was accidentally, discovered by an unlucky boy's burning up his father's cottage. A fine litter of new-borrowed pigs, perished in the flames. As Bo-bo was standing over the ruin he had wrought, an odor which he had never smelled before assailed his nostrils. He stooped down to feel if there were any signs of life in the pig. He burned his fingers, and to cool them, stuck them in his mouth. The taste filled him with the greatest pleasure. He invited his sire, Ho-ti, to partake of the burnt pig. Curiosity at last took the place of indignation in the old man's bosom, and he also stuck his fingers into the pig. He was as well pleased as his son. And now whenever the sow farrowed, Ho-ti's cottage was sure to be in a blaze. The curiosity of the neighbors was excited, and they watched Ho-ti and his son. The terrible secret was discovered. Ho-ti and his son were brought to trial. Some of the burnt pig was brought into court as evidence of their guilt. As sentence was about to be pronounced, the foreman of the jury requested that some of the pig should be handed to him. The jury burned their fingers, as Ho-ti and Bo-bo had done, and nature prompted them to use the same remedy, that of thrusting their fingers into their mouths. To the surprise of all the spectators, the accused were acquitted. The judge, who was a sly fellow, winked at the iniquity of the decision, and went privately and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days, his lordship's house was discovered to be on fire. "The thing took wing," says the Chinese manuscript, "and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction." Ages rolled on, and the people continued to burn their houses whenever they wished to roast their pigs. The sage who first discovered that a pig might be roasted without burning a house, lost his life, or was banished from his country. We are not sure that the Chinese manuscript gives any definite information on this point.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

THE NEW YORK KIDNAPPING CASE.—Just as our paper was going to press last week, we received a telegraphic despatch from New York, informing us that two kidnappers had that morning left that city for Philadelphia, with a colored man in their possession. Immediate measures were taken to intercept them but on the arrival of the train we could learn nothing of them, and were left in that suspense until Friday, when we learned that the cunning kidnappers who had actually paid their passage to Philadelphia to give a false scent, made their way to Gravesend Beach, Long Island, a spot on the shore some ten miles from Brooklyn, opposite which a vessel was waiting for a fair wind to sail to some Southern port.

There they were arrested on Thursday evening, and brought before Judge Edmonds the next morning, when the case was postponed until Saturday. The Herald of Sunday gives the following account of the trial: THE SLAVE CASE.—Joseph Bell.—A return was put in to the writ of habeas corpus issued in this case. The return stated that Bell was the slave of Mr. John Lee, of Frederick county, Maryland; that he had run away about four months since; and that Mr. Lee, finding he was in this city, caused him to be apprehended, as he had a right to do; the return concluded by declaring that he was the property of Mr. Lee, and that he should be delivered over to him. It was then agreed that the further discussion of the case should be postponed until Tuesday next, and that in the meantime Bell should be remanded to the custody of Wm. Edmonds, the keeper of the city prison. Judge Edmonds ordered the audience to be seated, and that no one should be allowed to pass out until the prisoner was removed. He said he understood that an attempt to rescue the prisoner, after he was taken outside the court room, was to be made. In order to guard against the evil consequences of such an attempt, he had ordered an extra number of police to be in attendance. He then ordered the officers who had the prisoner in charge to remove him; and after he had got to the door, he directed the extra police to follow him, and remain with the prisoner and the officers who had him in charge until they left him in the city prison. There were from 100 to 150 colored people in the body of the court room from an early hour in the morning, and it appears that some of them told one of the police officers that it was intended to rescue the prisoner after he left the court room; the policeman mentioned the fact to the Judge, upon which his Honor ordered the extra police to preserve order and prevent a violation of the law."

Two constables, Liday Clayton of Brooklyn, and Charles Bird of New York, were the kidnappers in this case. If ever men deserved the execrations of community, these two wretches richly merit them.

We hope the result of their wicked scheme will show them that their act is regarded as no less heinous than highway robbery or piracy, and they can no more hope to commit this with impunity than those.

After preparing the above, we received a letter from a good friend in New York, detailing the circumstances of this outrage, but though its statements would be read with interest, we are compelled to omit it by a press of matter. We learn also that the colored people of New York held a meeting on Monday evening, and passed some strong and indignant resolutions upon the subject.

Most Praiseworthy.—The will of Gen. James Taylor, late of Newport, Ky., has been set aside, agreeably to the wish of the heirs and legatees, and an equitable division of the immense property left by the General has been made in a way satisfactory to all parties. There is one act of the survivors worthy especial notice, as most noble and generous. The

heirs determined, without a dissenting voice, to make free the slaves belonging to the estate, about forty in number, with provision for the support of the aged and the young children.

The scene upon the occasion of the announcement to the poor creatures, is represented as one of extraordinary gladness. They gave cheer upon cheer to the memory of their late master and his surviving heir. It is difficult to say which were most overjoyed—the newly made freemen, or those who had been the happy instruments in the restoration of their long lost rights.

Slavery in California.—Col. Stevenson, of the New York regiment of volunteers, who went to California, states in one of his late letters, that the whole people of that territory are opposed to slavery; but while he endeavors to argue in the old strain, that slavery cannot exist there in the nature of things, he lets out the important fact, that negro chattel slavery has been actually introduced into the country, and that, too, by the officers of the United States Government.

A Day in Congress.

"A child's among ye take notes, An' faith he'll print 'em."

Horace Greeley deals rather bluntly with his new companions at Washington. Hear how he talks, through the Tribune, of the Congregated Wisdom of the Nation.

"On Monday the two Houses of Congress met and went through the usual preliminaries; on Tuesday they received and endured the reading of the President's Message; on Wednesday, the House elected a Chaplain, and within three quarters of an hour after meeting, by a vote of 64 to 63, adjourned; dozens sitting in their seats and not voting, and only sixteen rising in support of a demand for the Yeas and Nays. The Senate did not even succeed in forming a quorum; out of fifty-seven or eight Members, who are all sure to be in for their pay and mileage, only twenty-nine appeared in their seats; and the annual hypocrisy of electing a Chaplain had to go over and waste another day. If either House had a Chaplain who dare preach to its Members what they ought to hear of their faithlessness, their neglect of duty, their iniquitous waste of time and robbery of the public by taking from the Treasury money which they have not even attempted to earn—then there would be some sense in the Chaplain Business; but any Nathan or Elijah who should undertake such a job would be kicked out in short order. So the chaplaincy remains a thing of grimace and nummery, nicely calculated to help some flockless and complainant shepherd to a few hundred dollars, and impose on devout simpletons an exalted notion of the piety of Congress. Should not the truth be spoken?

Each House has now at least a hundred bills on its calendar, ready for conclusive action, with the Chairman and other Members who have reported them ready to explain and advocate them—in short, everything as ripe for their passage or rejection as it ever can be. Yet Senators stay away from even the short sitting of one or two hours per day, under the pretext of seeking lodgings, or some other equally empty, and the House adjourns forty-five minutes after assembling, only nineteen Members calling for the Yeas and Nays! Not even the death of Mr. Lewis of the Senate, or of Mr. Sims of the House, is announced; these are studiously kept back in order to form pretexts for wasting two more days when the Houses may not venture to adjourn without a pretext. Do the people ever look into these things?

But in truth the great sorrow is that so many of the Members of Congress, as of men in high station elsewhere, are merely dexterous jugglers or the tools of dexterous jugglers with the cup and balls of politics, shuffled into responsible places as a reward for past compliances or in the hope of being there made useful to the inventors and patentees of their intellectual and moral greatness. To such men, the idea of anybody's coming to Congress for anything else than the distinction and the plunder, unless it be in the hope of intriguing their way up to some still lazier and more lucrative post, is so irresistibly comic—such an exhibition of jolly greenness—that they cannot contemplate it without danger of explosion.—Just so long as the people choose to shut their eyes and elect such men as party cacklers, such as they notoriously are, shall see fit to pick out for them, they will be served as they now are—and will richly deserve it."

In a later number of the Tribune, Mr. Greeley continues his criticism upon the official drones about him, under the heading of "Congressional Idleness."—We give an extract:

"The Senate sat five or six hours last week, and, before it had been in session an hour on Thursday, it adjourned over to Monday. This is in pursuance of a habit which has become chronic with that body.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE, SALEM, O.

"The House began by doing a good day's work on Monday; took things a little easier on Tuesday; on Wednesday worked hard again, and accomplished not a little. So far, it was remarked, the second week of no former Session had ever witnessed greater diligence or efficiency."

"On Thursday morning, directly on proceeding to business, a leading Administration Member moved that, when the House adjourns, it adjourn over to Monday. 'No! No!' was uttered by a few voices from the Whig side of the Hall, yet the motion would have been carried but for a call for the Yeas and Nays. Some forty Members rose in response to the call. 'A sufficient number up,' decided the Speaker. And now the gentlemen so ready to adjourn over but a moment before were not ready to put themselves on record. The mover of the protracted adjournment rose: 'As the other side of the House seem so eager to go on with the business,' said he, 'I will withdraw my motion.' So the attempt to adjourn over was defeated, simply by a call for the Yeas and Nays."

"The death of Mr. Sims of S. C. was now announced and the House adjourned, of course, having been some forty minutes in session and done nothing."

American Characteristics.

Extract from an article in the last number of the Massachusetts Quarterly Review, on 'The Political Destination of America,' by Theodore Parker:

"There is a lamentable want of First Principles well known and established; we have rejected the Authority of Tradition, but not yet accepted the Authority of Truth and Justice. We will not be treated as stripplings, and are not old enough to go alone as men. Accordingly, nothing seems fixed. There is a perpetual see-sawing of opposite principles. Somebody said Ministers ought to be ordained on horseback, because they are to remain so short a time in one place. It would be as emblematic to inaugurate American Politicians by swearing them on a weathercock.—The great men of the land have as many turns in their course as the Euripus or the Missouri. Even the facts given in the spiritual nature of man are called in question. An eminent Unitarian divine regards the existence of God as a matter of opinion, thinks it cannot be demonstrated, and publicly declares that it is 'not a certainty.' Some American Protestants no longer take the Bible as the standard of ultimate appeal, yet venture not to set up in that place Reason, Conscience, the Soul getting help of God: others who affect to accept the Scripture as the last authority, yet when questioned as to their belief in the miraculous and divine birth of Jesus of Nazareth, are found unable to say Yes or No, not having made up their minds."

"In Politics, it is not yet decided whether it is best to leave men to buy where they can buy cheapest, and sell where they can sell dearest, or to restrict that matter."

"It was a clear case to our fathers in '76, that all men were 'created equal,' each with 'unalienable Rights.' That seemed so clear, more reasonable, it was taken for granted, as a self-evident proposition. The whole nation said so. Now it is no strange thing to find it said that negroes are not 'created equal' in Unalienable Rights with white men. Nay, in the Senate of the United States, a famous man declares all this talk a dangerous mistake. The practical decision of the nation looks the same way. So, to make our theory accord with our practice, we ought to recommit the Declaration to the hands which drafted that Great State Paper, and instruct Mr. Jefferson to amend the document, and declare that 'all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain Unalienable Rights, if born of white mothers; but if not, not.'"

"In this lack of first principles, it is not settled in the popular consciousness that there is such a thing as an Absolute Right, a great Law of God, which we are to keep, come what will. So the nation is not upright, but goes stooping. Hence in private affairs, Law takes the place of Conscience, and in public, Might of Right. So the Bankrupt pays his shilling in the pound, and gets his discharge, but afterwards becoming rich does not think of paying the other nineteen shillings. He will tell you the Law is his conscience; if that be satisfied, so is he. But you will yet find him letting money at one or two per cent. a month contrary to law; and then he will tell you that paying a debt is a matter of law, while letting money is only a matter of conscience. So he rides either indifferently—now the public hack, and now his own private nag, according as it serves his turn."

"So a rich State borrows money and 'repudiates' the debt, satisfying its political conscience, as a bankrupt his commercial conscience, with the notion that there is no Absolute Right; that Expediency is the only Justice, and that King People can do no wrong. No calm voice of indignation cries out from the pulpit, and the press, and the heart of the people, to shame the repudiators into decent morals—because it is not settled in the popular mind that there is any Absolute Right. Then because we are strong—and the Mexicans weak—because we want their land for a slave-pasture, and they cannot keep us out of it,—we think that is reason enough for waging an infamous war of plunder. Grave men do not ask about 'the natural justice' of such an undertaking; only about its cost. Have we not seen an American Congress vote a plain lie, with only sixteen dissenting voices in the whole body? And do not both parties, even at this day, sustain the vote?"

"Now and then there rises up an honest man, with a great Christian heart in his bosom, and sets free a score or two of slaves inherited from his father; watches over and sends them to their new-found freedom; or another, who, when legally released from payment of his debts, restores the uttermost farthing. We talk of this, and praise it as an extraordinary thing. Indeed, it is so; Justice is an unusual thing; and such men deserve the honor they thus win. But such praise shows that such honesty is a rare honesty. The northern man born on the battle ground of freedom; goes to the south, and becomes the most tyrannical of slave-drivers. The son of the Puritan, bred up in austere ways, is sent to Congress to stand up for Truth and Right, but he turns out a 'dough-

face,' and betrays the Duty he went to serve. Yet he does not lose his place, for every dough-faced representative has a dough-faced constituency to back him."

"It is a great mischief that comes from lacking First Principles, and the worst part of it comes of lacking first principles in Morals. Thereby our eyes are holden, so that we see not the great social evils all about us. We attempt to justify Slavery, even to do it in the name of Jesus Christ. The Whig party of the North loves Slavery; the Democratic party does not even seek to conceal its affection therefor. A great politician declares the Mexican war wicked, and then urges men to go and fight it; he thinks a famous general not fit to be nominated for President, but then invites men to elect him. Politics are national morals, the morals of Thomas and Jeremiah multiplied by millions. But it is not decided yet that Honesty is the best Policy for a Politician; it is thought that the Best Policy is honesty, at least as near it as the times will allow. Many politicians seem undecided how to turn, and so sit on the fence between Honesty and Dishonesty. Mr. Facing-both-ways is a popular politician in America just now, sitting on the fence between Honesty and Dishonesty, and like the blank leaf between the Old and New Testaments, belonging to neither dispensation. It is a little amusing to a trifler to hear a man's fitness for the Presidency defended on the ground that he has no definite convictions or ideas."

"There was once a man who said he always told a lie when it would serve his special turn. 'Tis a pity he went to his own place long ago. He seemed born for a party politician in America. He would have had a large party, for he made a great many converts before he died, and left a numerous kindred busy in the editing of newspapers, writing addresses for the people, and passing 'resolutions.'"

"It must strike a stranger as a little odd that a republic should have a slaveholder for President five-sixths of the time, and most of the important offices be monopolized by other slaveholders—a little surprising that all the pulpits and most of the presses should be in favor of Slavery, at least not against it. Such is the fact. Every body knows the character of the American government for some years past, and of the American parties in politics. 'Like master, like man,' used to be a true proverb in old England, and like people, like ruler, is a true proverb in America—true now. Did a decided people ever choose dough-faces; a people that loved God and man choose Representatives that cared for neither Truth nor Justice? Now and then, for dust gets in the brightest eyes; but did they ever choose such men continually? The people are always fairly represented; our Representatives do actually represent us; and in more senses than they are paid for, Congress and the Cabinet are only two thermometers hung up in the capitol, to show the temperature of the national morals."

But amid this general uncertainty, there are two capital maxims which prevail amongst our hucksters of Politics: To love your party better than your country, and Yourself better than your party. There are, it is true, real statesmen amongst us, men who love Justice and do the Right, but they seem lost in the mob of vulgar politicians and the dust of party devices."

Since the nation loves Freedom above all things, the name Democracy is a favorite name. No party could live a twelvemonth that should declare itself anti-democratic.—Saint and sinner, statesman and politician, alike love the name. So it comes to pass that there are two things which bear that name; each has its type and its motto. The motto of one is, 'You are as good as I, and let us help one another.' That represents the Democracy of the Declaration of Independence, and of the New Testament; its type is a Free School, where children of all ranks meet under the guidance of intelligent and Christian men, to be educated in mind, and heart, and soul. The other has for its motto, 'I am as good as you, so get out of my way.' Its type is the Bar-room of a tavern—dirty, offensive, stained with tobacco, and full of drunken, noisy, quarrelsome 'rowdies,' just returned from the Mexican war, and ready for a 'Buffalo Hunt,' for privateering, or to go and plunder any one who is better off than themselves, especially if also better off. That is not exactly the Democracy of the Declaration, or of the New Testament; but of—no matter whom."

From the Augusta [Ga.] Republic. Northern Feeling on the Free Soil Question.

We have kept our readers honestly advised of the State of feeling in the non-slaveholding States. As a further proof that they are all against our equal participation in the New Mexican lands, we merely refer to the action of the Legislature of Vermont. That body before adjourning passed joint resolutions in favor of prohibiting slavery in newly acquired territory, and of restricting the Slave Trade, and removal of the seat of government to a Free State."

The question naturally arises, what was the vote on these resolutions? Some Whig papers seem to think that northern Whigs are what they should be, and some Democratic papers think the same way about the northern Democrats. What kind of showing can any of them make to sustain their opinions? But let the vote speak for both sides. The resolutions passed yeas 118, nays 0. Southern rights were 'affirmed' strong in Vermont crowd. What do Southern men mean by telling us to be conciliating, to have confidence and trust to our Northern brethren—Whigs and Democrats in the Vermont Legislature were not so 'particular' conciliating in the resolutions referred to!"

We say now before Heaven, the whole North is moving in one mighty mass against us. It is as true as time itself. The supineness of the South, our divisions, the tone of many of our papers are only giving force and momentum to the Northern movement. Why will not our papers speak out boldly, and warn our Northern brethren of the consequences of their action. Instead of doing this, of showing the whole truth to the people, both of the North and South, some of them are charging purposes of disunion upon editors and other citizens of the South who, in the just defence of their rights, do show all the facts of the case. It is a gratuitous slander upon those southern men, and the more despicable, because, an attack upon high-souled men who seek only to protect and defend their common rights and honor. Look at the case. Vermont distils her ve-

nom upon us, and because we seek to resist the poison, some in our midst, some who are nourished, warmed and protected by southern institutions, cry out against us, Disunion, Treason."

By what friendly star of hope or patriotism they are guided we know not, but one thing we do know, they are aiding the enemy, whether they intend it or not. We trust they will see it, and cease their senseless clamor against those who are, at least, their equals in patriotic purposes, and in devotion as well to the Union as to the section that peculiarly claims us as its sons."

Terrible Catastrophe.

A dreadful accident occurred on board the steamer Londonderry, plying between Sligo and Liverpool, by which seventy lives were lost. The steamer had on board three cabin passengers, and about one hundred and fifty Irish emigrants for America. Towards night, on the 1st December, a heavy gale came on, and it soon blew so hard that the decks were cleared, and the poor emigrants were forced into the fore-cabin—a room a little more than 18 feet by 11. It was fitted for about 40, and yet 150, of all ages, were crowded into it and the companion—the only aperture for ventilation was closed, and tarpaulin nailed over it. The Steamer went on her way, and it was not until morning that the seamen were aware of the awful tragedy that had been enacted during the night beneath their feet. Of the one hundred and fifty passengers who had been driven down the companion ladder a few hours before, seventy-two were found to have perished! Men, and women, and little children, husbands and wives, sons and mothers, were heaped about the floor of the cabin in disorder some with their clothes torn from their backs in tatters, some with their hands and faces lacerated, some with their features trodden into a mummy by the iron-shod 'brogues' of their fellow-sufferers: here a father locked in the arms of his daughter; there a sister clinging to the corpse of her brother, their countenances black and distorted with the convulsions produced by suffocation. The following is a description of the scene which met the eye of the mate when a steamer passenger who had, at last, forced his way out, communicated to him the terrible intelligence.

"The mate instantly became alarmed, and obtaining a lantern, went down to render assistance. Such, however, was the foul air of the cabin, that the light was immediately extinguished. A second was obtained, and it too was extinguished.—At length on the tarpaulin being completely removed and a free access of air being admitted, the real nature of the catastrophe exhibited itself. There lay in heaps, the living, the dying and the dead, one frightful mass of mingled agony and death, a spectacle to appal the stoutest heart. Men, women and children were huddled together, blackened with suffocation, distorted by convulsions, bruised and bleeding by the desperate struggles for existence which preceded the moment when exhausted nature resigned the strife. After some time the living were separated from the dead, and it was then found that the latter amounted to nearly one half of the whole number."

Capt. Johnstone put his steamer into Leigh Folye, but was twelve hours before he could make up his mind to pass by to the quay at Derry. The coroner's jury have found Alexander Johnstone, captain, Richard Hughes, first mate and Ninian Crawford, second mate, guilty of manslaughter, and have expressed, in the strongest terms, their abhorrence of the inhuman conduct of the other seamen on board throughout this unhappy transaction.—English Paper.

Calhoun.

John C. Calhoun is, of all men of the present day, the leading champion of human slavery. In his apprehension it is a divine institution, and he conceives it to be acting contrary to the expressed will and command of God to interfere with it in any manner except to make it universal throughout the world. This is his aim—this his inclination. He is a faithful sentinel on the watch-tower of the "institution." Always on the alert, he never hesitates to pounce upon its opponents whenever an opportunity presents itself. Though always defeated, as every man must be who leans to the side of tyranny, he is never vanquished, but returns to the charge with as much confidence in his own invincibility as Don Quixote himself ever possessed. In one respect he is totally unlike the small satanities of slavery. He never hesitates to boldly avow his opinions and designs. It was through him that the ulterior object of the South, in annexing Texas, was acknowledged. He had no hesitation in saying to all the world that it was for the purpose of extending and strengthening slavery. It would be far better for the cause of liberty if all the friends of slavery were as honest as John C. Calhoun. Such an opponent is far less dangerous in the public councils than men of a different character."

It is a melancholy reflection that an American Statesman, of the commanding abilities of Calhoun, should occupy a position so much at war with the rights and claims of humanity, and the acknowledged principles of republican freedom.—What will an enfranchised and enlightened posterity think of such a man? What will be their estimate of his character? Will they regard him as a monomaniac or a monster? Or will they throw the mantle of charity over him and pronounce him a misguided individual? We should think he would tremble to

think of these things, for, like all other men, he must have a desire to be thought well of after his mortal remains shall be consigned to the tomb.—Syracuse Revueille.

The Southern Caucus.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following as the spirit of Mr. Bayly's resolutions, which were referred to the committee of fifteen:

The resolutions declare, first, that the deep attachment of the South to the Union of these States; second, that in case of the violation of the constitutional rights of any portion of the confederacy, it is the privilege and the duty of the States aggrieved thereby, themselves to devise the mode and measure of redress; thirdly, that in case the aggression on the rights of the South, threatened by the recent action of the House of Representatives on the subject of Slavery, shall be consummated, it shall be the right and the duty of the Slaveholding States to devise proper measures to redress their wrongs."

The same correspondent also gives the following as substantially the remarks of Mr. Calhoun at the caucus:

"The resolutions of the gentleman from Virginia (Mr. Bayly) are good; and considering the length of time which he has had to prepare them, do him great credit. But they are not perfect. They are defective in several particulars. I am, therefore, less unwilling to agree to the motion of the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Stephens.) Another consideration strongly impels me to the same course. I am thoroughly impressed with the necessity of harmonious and united action both on our part and on the part of the Southern community. I am opposed, however, to too great delay, and consequently would prefer that the committee should report to a meeting to be held on the 10th instead of the 15th of January."

"The Legislature of several of the Southern States are now in session, and it would be well that an address should reach them in time to be acted upon by them before their adjournment. I consider the address indispensable. Whatever action is taken must proceed from the slaveholding States. If the Constitution be violated, and their rights encroached upon, it is for them to determine the mode and measure of redress. We can only suggest and advise."

"We are in the theatre of action, the witnesses of the alarming encroachments which have been going on upon the rights of the slaveholding part of the confederacy. We see them plainly—we feel them deeply. They are rapid and alarming; for who would have believed, even three years ago, that preparations which have, within a few days past, commanded the support of a majority of the lower House of Congress, would have been tolerated by any respectable portion of either House."

"We are in the midst of events scarcely of less import than those of our Revolutionary era. The question is, are we holding our position in this confederacy upon the ground of equals, or are we content ourselves with the condition of colonial dependence? Sir, it will be worse than colonial dependence. For who would not prefer to be taxed and governed without pretence of representation, than under the forms of representation to be grievously oppressed by measures over which we have no control, and against which our remonstrances are unavailing."

"It is undeniable that the encroachments upon our rights have been rapid and alarming. They must be met. I conceive that no Southern man can entertain for one moment the idea of tame submission. The action of the South should be united, temperate, but decided. Our position must be taken deliberately, but held at every hazard. We wage no war of aggression. We ask only for the constitution and union and government of our fathers. We ask of our Northern brethren to leave us those rights and privileges which our fathers held, and without securing which for their children, all knew they would not have entered this Union. These we must maintain."

"It appears to me proper that we, who are on the theatre of action, should address our constituents of the slave holding States, briefly and accurately portray the progress of usurpation and aggression, vividly exhibit the danger which threatens and leave it in their hands to mark out the proper line of action. What that should be, it is needless here to discuss. Whatever it is, it should be temperate, united and decided."

"Having expressed these views, I have to say that I make no objection to the motion of the gentleman from Georgia, (Mr. Stephens,) to refer the whole matter to a select committee, to consider maturely, and report to a future meeting; but I would rather prefer an earlier day for that meeting, than the 15th of January. I am, above all, for union; harmony and decision on the part of the South."

THE PATENTED ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A number of experiments, demonstrative of the properties of this new light, were given on Monday evening in the Hanover square Rooms, by Mr. W. E. Stait, the patentee. The company consisted for the most part of scientific men assembled by special invitation, and it must have been gratifying to Mr. Stait to receive such unequivocal testimony as was spontaneously and heartily rendered to the success of his practical demonstrations. The light, in addition to its sun light brilliancy, possessed several properties

which have been hitherto much desiderated—its permanent, self regulating, perfectly safe, pure, and cheap. It is not supported by combustion, as was shown by its burning under a glass shade fixed down to a metal plate so as to exclude the external air; and what is also of importance, it will burn as brilliantly under water as under a glass or in the open air. The light exhibited, although only occupying the space of an argand burner, and not evolving more than its heat, gave a light equal to seven or eight hundred wax candles. A ray directed to some pictures placed at one end of the room brought out the most delicate tints with the distinctness of daylight. Altogether, the effect upon the lamps and candles which were burning in the room was like that which is felt when daylight bursts into a room where artificial light happens to be burning. The expense of a light equal to a hundred wax candles is estimated at a penny per hour. The fluid which sustained the light exhibited by Mr. Stait was supplied by a cast iron battery of forty four plates, with a zinc surface equal to one and a quarter square yards. Means are to be taken by public lectures and otherwise, to bring the properties and advantages of the interesting discovery fairly before the public.—London paper, Nov. 4.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, JANUARY 12, 1849.

"I LOVE AGITATION WHEN THERE IS CAUSE FOR IT—THE ALARM BELL WHICH STARTLES THE INHABITANTS OF A CITY, SAVES THEM FROM BEING BURNED IN THEIR BEDS. Edmund Burke."

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Free Soil State Convention.

The proceedings of this body which assembled at the close of the last month in Columbus, do not present many very striking features, and are not different from what might be expected of men making the profession that Free Soilers do. After endorsing the Buffalo platform, it proceeded to erect a State platform, adopting, in general terms, "the great principle of equal rights for all, guaranteed and secured against invasion by equal laws." We pass by its resolutions in regard to the proper mode of taxation, the increase of corporations, obligation to discharge the State debt, security of homestead, &c., to its 8th and 9th resolutions, which read thus:

Resolved, That while we desire a homogeneous population for our State, and believe that we shall have it whenever slavery shall cease to force the victims of its tyranny into the uncongenial north, we are inflexibly opposed to all class legislation and legalized injustice, and therefore insist on the repeal of the enactments commonly known as the Black Laws of Ohio.

Resolved, That the action of the Legislature of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and other free states, in prohibiting the use of the jails of the state and the aid of state officers, to the pursuers of fugitive slaves, presents an example proper to be followed by the Legislature of Ohio.

It further resolved that a new Constitution ought to be framed for Ohio, which, among other desirable things, should provide for the following:

1. The cheap, prompt and certain administration of justice.
2. The expense, delay, and "glorious uncertainty" of the law has become proverbial, and a reform in these particulars is certainly to be desired by every litigant, actual or expectant.

3. The adequate education of all the youth of the State.

This no one ought to object to, and no one who is a friend to education will; and although some would desire that the colored youth should be educated in schools by themselves, yet such would admit the propriety of adopting the suggestion as stated.

4. The prohibition of State debts beyond an amount to be specified in the new Constitution, except in the case of actual invasion or for the payment of existing debts.

This undoubtedly would be far better than to give the government agents authority to incur any amount of debt they may choose, and then tax the people in order to pay it.

5. The prohibition of banking corporations except by the special consent of a majority of the people.

This might be Democratic so far as the entire State was concerned, but highly unjust and oppressive toward a district whose people believed they needed a bank. The suggestion is surrounded with a thousand difficulties.

6. The division of the State for representation in both branches of the Legislature into single districts, equal in number to the number of Senators and Representatives respectively, upon some fair and equitable plan, to be fixed by the Constitution.

Probably but few would object to the incorporation of some such provision into a new Constitution; and none who believe that majorities should govern, can find fault with the following, which closes the specification of the matters deemed of sufficient importance to be named by the Free Soil Convention as those for which a new Constitution should provide.

7. The election of all State and county officers, by the people.

Now had we been delegates to that Convention, we should certainly have reminded the members of a fact they seem to have en-

tirely overlooked. We should have told them that the present Constitution of Ohio most expressly and unequivocally denies the elective franchise to the colored man; and should have urged them to put down as the first and most important thing to be secured in the new Constitution, UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE!—But from the proceedings as reported in the "Ohio State Journal," it does not appear that any resolution touching the matter was introduced, much less adopted, and there is nothing in the brief sketch of the remarks of the speakers, from which the reader would infer that the matter was hinted at. Why was this? Is it true, as charged by the Whigs, that the Free Soil party of Ohio is opposed to admitting the colored man to the polls, and that the few individuals in the party who are in favor of it do not press the matter from considerations of policy, do not preach the truth upon this point for fear it should divide and distract the party, and greatly lessen, if not destroy its future anticipated usefulness? Who can explain why the party that demands free speech and free soil for free men in California and New Mexico, do not demand free speech through the ballot-box for those in Ohio who are now compelled to submit to taxation without representation? We are unable to understand how a party can pretend to claim the support of free men, when it does not incorporate into its State platform the principle of Universal Suffrage, while at the time its members formed it, they had immediately around them thousands to whom the elective franchise was denied.

It is its desire for "a homogeneous population," as declared in its 8th resolution, so strong that it will not ask for universal suffrage because it wishes to rid the State of the colored people, and will offer no inducement to emancipated slaves to settle within her borders? We opine there is something rotten in Denmark. Several other resolutions than those quoted arrested our attention, when looking over the proceedings of the State Convention, and among them the following, which the report informs us "was adopted amid shouts of laughter!"

Resolved, That the thanks of the Free Democracy of the Union, and of the friends of freedom everywhere, are preeminently due to Martin Van Buren, of New York, who almost alone among the elder statesmen of the country, fully identified himself in the political struggle of 1848, with the consistent opponents of slavery extension, and bore their standard with calm courage and unshrinking constancy, until the conflict closed in a real victory.

What there is in this that could excite the risibles of those who adopted it, is difficult to perceive. It is true, it is rather laughable that those who framed and stood upon the Buffalo platform should choose such a man as Martin Van Buren to be the exponent of their principles. Martin Van Buren had avowed his determination to stand by the compromises of the Constitution; he had expressed his satisfaction in reviewing his proslavery acts of former years; he had declared his opposition to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; and instead of pledging himself not to veto a bill looking to this result should Congress adopt it, he merely withdrew the pledge made on a former occasion that he would veto it. And yet, in view of all these facts, those who had inscribed "Free Soil, Free Speech and Free Men," upon their banner, chose him as their candidate. This was farcical, to be sure, and well calculated to move the risibles of all who were not performers in the solemn joke; and we suppose that now it is all over, it is even allowable for those to shout with laughter when it is referred to.

The concluding resolution, which is as follows, was offered by Judge Cowen.

Resolved, That we recommend to our friends that they act and vote in all cases with a view to the election of trustworthy and capable men, who are publicly known and pledged to sustain our views relative to the prohibition and abolition of slavery and the slave trade, and the disconnection of the federal government from slavery, and that they make no separate nominations, when by doing so there is danger of preventing the election of such men.

The report from which we copy says: Mr. Cowen premised his resolution by a few remarks, to the following effect. He was aware that he should be largely in the minority in the Convention; he was so in the Committee on Resolutions, of which he was a member, where he stood nearly alone. Nevertheless he was desirous to have the question put upon the resolution, that he might indicate where he stood, and those who agreed with him in sentiment. He wanted it fairly tried, that men might vote upon it directly and openly.

Mr. Chase thought there could be no doubt how a resolution, proposing in effect to disband their party organization, would be received by the Convention. Out of respect, however, to the gentleman from Belmont, he would move to lay it on the table.

Salmon P. Chase appears to have a somewhat singular idea of what constitutes respect; we presume most persons would have considered it rather more respectful had the Convention taken a vote upon the resolution introduced by one of its Business Committees. Perhaps, however, there was no use of such a trial, inasmuch as it was confidently assumed that if Free Soilers voted in any case with a view to the election of trustworthy and capable men, who were publicly known and pledged to sustain the views of the party rel-

ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY.—This is the title of an attractive monthly issued from New York city. Each number contains

and twisted woolen, and 18 cuts of No. 2
 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 2 cotton
 ten yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and
 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain
 —17 cuts of double and twisted woolen, and
 one pound single white cotton for filling—
 For those two machines spin the woolsen yarn
 nine or ten cuts to the pound,
 Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.
ROBERT HINSHILL WOOD.
 Green street, Salem,
 June 16th, 1948, 6m—119

POETRY.

THE FALLEN ANGEL.

BY D. L. HARRIS.

A city reeled in the earthquake's din,
In roofs and pinnacles tottering in,
A shattered ship, with ghastly freight,
Slow sinking down 'neath the tempest's weight;
A nation mown by the scythe of war,
With his children bound to the victim's car;
A people, crowding the halls of death,
Heaped like pale leaves by famine's breath;
Oh! these are awful and dread to see;
But a darker vision I bring to thee!

A living babe, on the dead, cold breast
Of its mother, frozen to marble rest;
A starving child, while the street falls hoar,
Driven with blows from the rich man's door;
A prisoner bound in the dungeon halls,
Where no ray of hope or of sunshine falls;
A martyr chained to the crackling pyre,
While the mob grew drunken with blood and ire;
Oh! these are awful and dread to see;
But a darker vision I bring to thee!

A gentle girl, with her dove-like eyes,
Blooms 'neath the glow of her mother's glad smile,
Her heart o'erbrimming with love divine,
As a diamond chalice with precious wine;
But the spoiler comes with his precious wiles,
Like a demon wills—like an angel smiles;
Then blossoms the soul of that beautiful one,
As a rose unfolds 'neath the ardent sun,
And her life grows joyous—but woe is me,
Dark is the vision I show to thee.

She has left her home, she has made her nest
In the faded truth of that chosen breast;
But his love was lost, and his truth a lie,
He sates his passion, and flings her by;
He flings her by, and his leprous kiss
Blistered at last, and with demon his
He bids her live—ah, treacherous death—
On the price of virtue—the sale of breath—
Dark is the vision I show to thee,
But a darker vision I bring to thee.

I am spoiled with falsehood—not leagued with sin;
I will seek my home, it will fold me in;
It will not be long, for this aching grief,
She murmurs, 'will bring me the cypress wreath.'
But oh, she is scorned from her father's door—
The bosom that fed her will own her no more—
And her old companion breathes her name
With a scornful sneer and a word of shame.
Dark is the vision I show to thee,
But a darker shadow is there to see.

Her soul grew wild with that last despair—
Her lips moved then, but not with prayer;
Her drove me with curses from virtue's way,
I once was betrayed—I will now betray;
She served with the wine-cup her thin, frail form,
She wreathed her lips with a dazzling scorn—
She sold her charms in the streets at night—
Her lips were poison—her glances blight.
Dark is the vision I show to thee,
And its closing shadow is yet to see.

The sleek swept bleak through the silent mart,
O'er a dying form and a dying heart;
She sank on the pavement cold and bare—
Her shroud was worn by the snowy air—
The scarred lips, and the worn face,
Smoothed down into childhood's peaceful grace.
The guilty man spread the child of sin,
And the guilty THREE bid her welcome in.
Dark is the vision I've pictured to thee,
What hast thou done that it may not be?

From Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.

IDEAS WILL CONQUER SWORDS.

BY W. C. KENNEDY.

Why will we free Vienna's fall,
Though Stephen's tower looks down
Again upon its emperor-crowned,
A storm and sword-rushed town?
What though its bloody homes they fill—
The tyrant's brutal hordes—
Who fears a moment for the right?
Ideas will conquer swords.

A time they accepted power might dare
To tam the Danube's flow;
Would'st thou its wolf's strength long may I
I tell thee, tyrant—no.
It comes—it comes—on soon or late,
Despite your butcher hordes,
The hour when right shall shatter might,
Ideas shall conquer swords.

Hast thou forgot the Stuart's fate?
How he—the Bourbon—died?
They, too, on freedom falsely fawned—
They, too, to freedom lied;
Beware! the scaffold's bloody axe
Forebodes such deeds rewards—
Ay, think on Latour's—Lemberg's fate—
Ideas will conquer swords.

Yes—Milly's 'neath Radetzky's hell,
And Prague her fall hath known—
And Percy Peith Vienna's fate
Perchance may bid her own;
Yet Freedom laughs to scorn the power
Of all thy blinding hordes—
Or late or soon its hour is sure—
Ideas will conquer swords.

From the Universalist.

EARTH'S BATTLE FIELD.

Fear not, ye who sow press on,
For the victory shall be won!
Pause not, but increase your speed,
In this march there's constant need.
Seek the Truth, the Falsehood scorn,
Be Love's banner o'er you borne,
Be your armor honest worth,
Be your battle-field the earth.

Here are foes well worth the fighting,
Here are wrongs well worth the righting,
Here are sorrowing hearts to bless,
Here are oppressions to redress;
Here's the field for worthy labor—
Love to God and love to neighbor;
This your battle-field, O Man!
Conquer it for well ye can!

There is One who went before you;
He is brother—Caplain o'er you;
He hath fought the warfare pending,
His example is strength lending;
Where He stood, ye too may stand;
Where He raised, ye raise the hand;
He hath left the field for glory—
Be your prompting theme His story.

For the wronged ones well He fought;
For the weary ones He sought;
To the sorrowing brought relief;
Taught, nor was His influence brief—
Taught by word and action too;
Do you as your Lord did do,
And to you shall be extended
Victor crowns when life is ended.

Teach and act; by acting teach;
Seize the work within your reach;
Say not, 'This is not my sphere.'
Need of worker? Then 'tis here.
Onward! though the strife be long,
Right shall triumph over wrong.
Work! nor deem the victory won,
Till on Earth God's will is done.

H. E. K.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following extracts from Mr. Youatt's description of the symptoms of rabies, may prove useful in preventing the consequences of

Hydrophobia.

"The early symptoms of rabies in the dog, are occasionally very obscure. In the greater number of cases these are sullenness, fidgetiness, and continual sitting of posture. When I have had opportunity, I have generally found these circumstances in regular succession. For several consecutive hours, perhaps, he retreats to his basket or bed. He shows no disposition to bite, and he answers the call upon him eagerly. He is curled up, and his face is buried between his paws and his breast. At length he begins to be fidgety. He searches out new resting places; but he very soon changes them for others. He takes again to his own bed; but he is continually changing his posture. He begins to gaze strangely about him as he lies on his bed. His countenance is clouded and suspicious. He comes to one and another of the family, and he fixes on them a steadfast gaze, as if he would read their very thoughts. 'I feel strangely ill,' he seems to say; 'have you anything to do with it?' If we have observed a rapid dog at the commencement of the disease, we have seen this to be the very life.

"A peculiar delirium is an early symptom, and one that will never deceive. A young man was bitten by one of his dogs; I was requested to meet a medical gentleman on the subject. I was a little behind my time; as I entered the room, I found the dog eagerly devouring a pan of sopped bread. 'There is no madness here,' said the gentleman. He had scarcely spoken when the dog quitted the sop, and with a furious bark sprang against the wall as if he would seize some imaginary object that he fancied was there. 'Did you see that?' was my reply. 'What do you think of it?' 'I see nothing in it,' was his reply; 'the dog heard some noise on the other side of the wall.' At my serious urging, however, he consented to examine the part. I procured a poor worthless cur and got him bitten by this dog, and carried the disease from this dog to a third victim; they all became rabid one after another, and there my experiment ended. The serious matter under consideration, perhaps, justified me, in doing as I did.

"This kind of delirium is of frequent occurrence in the human patient. The account given by Dr. Bardeley of one of his patients, is very appropriate to our present purpose: 'I observed that he frequently fixed his eyes with horror upon some ideal object, and then with a sudden and violent emotion, buried his head beneath the bed clothes. The next time I saw him repeat this action, I was induced to inquire into the cause of his terror. He asked whether I had not heard howling and scratching. On being answered in the negative, he suddenly threw himself on his knees, extending his arms in a defensive posture, and forcibly threw back his head and body; the muscles of the face were agitated by various spasmodic contractions; his eyeballs glared, and seemed ready to start from their sockets; and at that moment, when crying out in an agonizing tone, 'Do you see that black dog?' his countenance and attitude exhibited the most dreadful picture of complicated horror, distress and rage, that words can describe or imagination paint.

"There is also in the human being, a peculiarity in this delirium which seems to distinguish it from every other kind of mental aberration. 'The patient,' in Mr. Lawrence's language, 'is pursued by a thousand phantasms that intrude themselves upon his mind, he holds conversations with imaginary persons; he fancies himself surrounded with difficulties, and in the greatest distress. These thoughts seem to pass through his mind with wonderful rapidity, and to keep him in a state of the greatest distress unless he is quickly spoken to, or addressed by his name, and then in a moment the charm is broken; every phantom of imagination disappears, and at once he begins to talk as calmly and collectedly as in perfect health.'

"So it is with the dog, whether he is watching the notes that are floating in the air, or the insects that are annoying him on the walls, or the foes that he fancies are threatening him on every side—one word recalls him in a moment. Dispersed by the magic influence of his master's voice, every object of terror disappears, and he crawls towards him with the same peculiar expressions of attachment that used to characterize him. Then comes a moment's pause—a moment of actual vacuity—the eye slowly closes, the head droops, and he seems as if his feet were giving way; and he would fall; but he springs up again; every object of terror once more surrounds him—he gazes wildly around him—he snarls, he barks, and he rushes to the extent of his chain, prepared to meet his imaginary foe.

"The expression of the countenance of the dog undergoes a considerable change, principally depending on the previous disposition of the animal. If he was naturally of an affectionate disposition, there will be an anxious, inquiring countenance, eloquent beyond the power of resisting its influence. It is made up of strange suppositions as to the nature of the depressions of mind under which he labors, mingled with some passing doubts, and they are but passing, as is the concern which the master has in the affair; but most of all, there is an affectionate and confiding appeal for relief. At the same time we observe some strange fancy, evidently passing through his mind, unalloyed, however by the slightest portion of ferocity.

"In the countenance of the naturally savage brute, or him that has been trained to be savage, there is indeed a fearful change; sometimes the conjunctive is highly injected; at other times it is scarcely affected, but

the eyes have an unusually bright and dazzling appearance. They are like two balls of fire, and there is a peculiar transparency of the hyaloid, or injection of that of the retina.

"A very early symptom of rabies in the dog, is an extreme degree of restlessness. Frequently he is wandering about, shifting from corner to corner, or continually rising up or lying down, changing his posture in every possible way, displaying of his bed with his paws, shaking it with his mouth, bringing it to a heap, on which he carefully lays his chest or rather the pit of his stomach, and then rising up and bundling every portion of it out of the kennel. If he is put into a closed basket, he will not be still for an instant, but turn round and round without ceasing. If he is at liberty, he will seem to imagine that something is lost, and he will eagerly search round the room, and particularly every corner of it, with strange violence and indecision."—Youatt's Treatise on the Dog.

A Story of an Honest Man.

Years ago, when the now proud city of Boston was but a brisk seaport town, with its houses struggling to cover the hill-sides, and barren pastures, and not very successful in the attempt, there lived a man somewhat celebrated in his way, who rejected in the name of Seth Thornton. His way of celebrity was and still is a peculiar one—honesty. Folks used to say that Seth was so intensely honest, that he was accustomed to set aside a percentage of his profits in trade, for the benefit of the poor as an offset to any monies he might by any possibility have become unlawfully possessed of without his being aware of it.

Whether this was so or not, he was celebrated for his sterling, unadorned honesty, and without the reward that would have seemed to have been his due. Seth was poor, although he was indebted for his comfort rather to his economy in life than to his success in business. He was barely thirty years of age when the story commences, and was regular and methodical to a nicety in his transactions, and from that had obtained the sobriquet of Old Seth.

So much for premises—now to our story. A dull gloomy day, it was wet without, cold within, and cheerless everywhere. The trade was dull as the weather, and Seth was grubbing up old accounts with severe determination, when he was disturbed by the creaking of the low door of his shop and the entrance of an old bowed down figure, who barely placing one foot before the other, shuffled across the floor through piles of West India and dry goods, hardware, groceries and notions (for Yankee land was even then full of them,) and depositing a well-filled bag upon his counter with the ejaculation, "use for Ben Fools and Sons,"—suddenly shuffled away. Not comprehending the nature of so unbusiness-like transactions, Seth was some time in a muse before the brilliant idea of examining the bag left, occurred to his bewildered brain.

The first touch told him it was gold, and upon examination it contained the then enormous sum of five hundred guineas in the gold of Spain. Having satisfied himself as to the amount, he turned to the day-book and made entry: "Received cash this day 500g., to be used for Benjamin Fuller and Sons," and opened his account accordingly.

Years passed on, and from year to year the property invested in the name of Benjamin Fuller and Sons, seemed cherished by fortune's self. Their ventures were successful by sea and land, when all others were ruinous,—their ships rode safe through storms that sunk the stoutest merchantmen, and their cargoes arrived in safety when privateers had taken or driven away all others.—So immense was this increase that soon old Seth was known only as agent for the Fullers, and his own property increase was of little account compared with the immense commission on their investments. His warehouse was one of the largest in the colony, and his ships passed in and out from every port of usual trade of the time, laden with the property of the unknown.

Still was the same account on his ledger preserved, and receipts and expenditures always kept, waiting the coming of his principal or of his sons and their examination. So time went on—prosperity to the mysterious person and misfortune to the agent. A new market was then sought for on the coast of the Mediterranean, and a vessel was dispatched for Algiers with rich consignments. The captain upon his arrival, waded upon the principal merchants of the place, and all of Fuller's monies was in demand, while old Seth's produced but a nominal profit.

A cargo was finally effected of the whole cargo, and the merchant and the captain discussed the subject of the new trade together. The merchant expressed his desire to see the new country, and by invitation of the other, took passage in his ship for America. The day succeeding his arrival, Seth was seated in his counting room, engaged in his usual examination of ledgers and papers, when a movement attracted his attention, and he saw before him the same bowed down figure, and the same shuffling step approaching.

"Where is the money for Ben Fools?" Without hesitation and almost without surprise, the account of his investments was read over and deeds of estates and evidences of property in the name of Benjamin Fuller were produced. Houses, ships and cargoes were passed over to the rightful owner, and a rigid account of expenses and commissions was rendered, and with no comment or inquiry, the honorable man was left alone.

The days passed on, and old Seth again was toiling in business when a captain of a ship newly arrived from the Mediterranean, entered and placed in his hands a package. It was a will, bestowing upon him all the property of the mysterious old man, accumulated by himself as agent.

The true story of the mysterious visitor was never told, but long afterwards it was recalled to mind that a Mohammedan Merchant named Hamet Ben Fools, had been in America when the first incident occurred, and the passenger who came and returned in the Yankee ship, was called by the same name. The merchant continued his business with old Seth long afterward, and the latter never surmised that the tall Arab was the old decrepit man who was his benefactor, nor that he held his property by will of one who still lived.

Polk's Message is published in some of the papers with this heading: "The State of the Country—A Romance of the Nineteenth Century—by James K. Polk, author of the 'Mexican War,'" &c.—Cin. Atlas.

The Royal Complete Letter Writer.

From Punch.

Really, in times like the present, when kings are brought into such odd and complicated relations to their subjects, a work under the above title seems a desideratum in literature. Now that thrones are daily turned topsy-turvy, like balls tossed about like jugglers' balls, and sceptres balanced as gingerly as the equilibrist's ladder, with a donkey atop of it, everything may depend on a monarch's having some good guide to "what to say and how to say it," in communicating with his people in emergencies.

The following specimens may be useful, as hints for such a book, under some taking alliterative title like *The Monarch's Manual*, or *Cut and Dry Copies for Crowned Heads*; or *Epistles for an Embarrassed Emperor*; or *Little Letters for Levanting Lords Paramount*. To be printed in German text or Italian running hand, instead of the old Court character.

No. I.—From a King in a fix to the mob triumphant in his Capital.

"My beloved (here some endearing appellation—'Berlinsers,' 'Children,' 'Milanese,' 'Sons,' 'Viennese,' &c., as the case may be)—

"Your king hastens to place himself at the head of his beloved people, as he has long ruled in their hearts. Your sublime attitude inspires me with confidence. Your rights shall be secured by every constitutional guarantee, and a universal amnesty granted for political offences. A king is never so great or so happy as in the bosom of his people. Abandon your attitude of heroic self-assertion. Return to your homes, and rest under the shadow of the law which you so much respect. Obnoxious ministers shall no longer stand between us. Bless you, my beloved and heroic people; and do not forget to return to the arsenal the arms snatched up in the moment of alarm."

Such an epistle ought to be followed by a cessation of popular tumult, and the voluntary disarming of the insurgents. The army meanwhile may be concentrated on the capital, the royal carriage being packed and horsed, in case the above letter not acting. When the army is posted so as to command the city, you may exhibit—

No. II.—From the same to the same (two days later).

"Misguided men!
"Mercy is not mercy, unless guided by justice. Instigated by a small but audacious faction, you have dared to rise against the lawful authority of your sovereign. He would be justified in looting against you the vengeance of a loyal army, but he contents himself with the following mild measures for repression of the factious and rebellious of the capital:

"1. Martial law is proclaimed.
"2. All assemblies are forbidden.
"3. Citizens shall not carry arms under penalty of death.

"4. The ringleaders of the late disturbance shall be delivered up unconditionally.
"5. The representative body lately elected, is dissolved.

"Any disobedience to the above regulations shall be followed by bombardment of the city. Long live the King!"

If the army refuse to act, and the monarch finds it advisable to "bolt," he may throw dust into the popular eye by—

No. III.—From the same to the same (an hour before starting for the frontier).

"My beloved, (as in No. I.)
"Do not heed idle reports. Your king still trusts in your loyalty and love. He repeats his assurances of devotion to your rights and liberties, and trusts long to remain under the protection, not of a mercenary soldiery, but of his noble and armed citizens and children. Say what you would have, and you shall have it."

While the mob are perusing the above, the royal carriages may start, and when they have passed the frontier, discharge at the rebels—

No. IV.—From the same to the same (across the frontier).

"Your triumph will be short-lived. I leave my capital soon to return with force to crush the hydra of Revolution, which has raised its thousand envenomed heads among you. Tremble!"

You may then raise an army as you can, and crush your rebellious subjects, without any letter whatever.

The Solitary Hearse.

"About my heavy hearse some mourners I would have,
Who might the same accompany and hang about the grave."

This couplet was forcibly brought to mind a day or two since by seeing a lonely hearse bearing a body to the grave, followed by no mourners, and from a house where grief seemed to dwell not. No eyes were dimmed with tears as the last of frail mortality was borne from the house of death and placed in that dread vehicle, the sight of which will bring a cloud upon the brightest brow, and check the light laugh upon the merriest lip.

Passing home the night previous, at midnight—about "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead"—our attention was attracted by seeing a small wooden tenement, with its doors standing wide open, and its windows raised; and, lo! a bright light streamed from the same aperture, and, illuminating the damp and black street sidewalk where it fell, the figures of noiseless rats slipping over the wet ground like unearthly visitants, were magnified into quadruple their real size. There was no sound of revelry within that dwelling. Upon the opposite side stood a watchman leaning against a door-post, gazing steadily at the open house. As we passed he stopped us, and said in a low voice: "Look over there, sir, if you want to see misery."

In the rear of the apartment, immediately opposite the door, was a coffin, covered with a white pall, with candles burning near it. Sitting in the room were three females as cold, haggard, lifeless-looking, almost, as she who was their late companion in life, but now slept the sleep of death, for a woman's body was in that coffin. No sign of affection or regret was depicted on their countenances; but dread fear—fear of the coming of the last scene of life—fear of the solitary death-bed, where all the sins of a mispent life should rush upon their aching brain, and no time be left to lead a different life—fear of appearing at that judgment seat from which there is no turning. Thoughts

of happier days—days of purity and innocence—were flitting before them; recollections of a happy home, of fond relations, whose only care was for their welfare; of firesides which they had blazed; of hearts which they had wrung and broken; and for what? for mercenary ends; for the intoxicating, maddening cup; for pleasures (what a perversion of the word!) which they coveted but which they found were misery; for that which, stripped of its glittering false coating, they found to be a hideous reality. They thought, perhaps, of how they should end their days, with no kind hand to smooth their pillow, none to bid them a last farewell and perform the last sad offices, save those whom money could procure or charity actuate. She who had just been called from the haunts of vice, was one of the unhappy creatures who are looked upon as outcasts upon society, who have lost that immortal part of themselves, "reputation," leaving naught behind but what is "bestial." No monument, no inscription will mark the place where the child of shame rests, none breathe a requiem in pace over the last resting-place of her who passed to the grave in that solitary hearse.—N. O. Piqueune.

An Embryo Hero.

George Effingham, having arrived at the responsible age of ten years, came up charged with riotous practices, which annoy and afflict the neighborhood of Schuykill Sixth and Market streets. George is the leader of a warlike band called the 'Forrest Rangers,' who are on terms of hostility with another band of Lilliputian heroes called the 'Stars.' Gen. George Effingham (for so he was called by the members of his corps,) is of low stature for his age, with very short legs, having the 'carved line of beauty,' a broad face very much freckled, and a superabundance of curly hair, of so rich a crimson, that it was hard to believe it was not colored by some artificial process. The watchman made oath that the two gangs of boys had 'atoned each other with bricksbats,' with the greatest fury for two hours, after which time he thought it expedient to arrest some of the smallest—the biggest flies, as usual, breaking through the cobwebs of the law. Effingham, being a ring-leader, was bound to be an example for the good of his associates. His Honor made a very affecting address to the young gentleman, advising him that he might be sure of the gallows, and suggesting that if the two juvenile factions would merely knock each other's brains out, it would be a fortunate event for the community, inasmuch as the expenses of their future trials for felony, the cost of keeping them in prison, and the outlay for ropes, &c., would thereby be saved; but, remarked his Honor, instead of knocking each other in the head, as you should do, you endanger the skulls and shins of decent, quiet, orderly 'third persons,' who may happen to pass by where you are discharging your missiles, your pebbles, bricksbats and oyster-shells, and the very paving-stones which are forced into a state of immoral rebellion against the peace and good order of the city. The Mayor was unusually eloquent on this occasion, and rather more profane than ever we knew him to be before; but the young scape-grace, instead of being moved to tears by the pathos of his Honor's discourse, actually put his thumb to his nose, and extending his short legs like a pair of dumpy carpenter's compasses, he replied, "Well, that's drotted quare I should think. There's General Taylor, 'lected President for fighting, and eos I only did a little of that same sort of thing, you're as wrothy as mommy's cat when I read on her tail to see how she can slake the pressure of the times. It's no use my jokin'; mommy herself told me to fight like all human natur—for that's the sartainest way to get ahead of my feller-creeturs, and turn up as big a man as General Taylor."

The Mayor looked somewhat nonplussed, but closed the proceedings by binding over the young General, (and future President, perhaps,) in the sum of \$400.—Pennywainian.

Never Despair.

It is sometimes said that *despair* is a word which should never be found in the vocabulary of a human being. But doubtless there are trying times, when one's heart finds it difficult to keep up its courage. Still it would be well in the darkest hour to adopt for our motto, "*Nil desperandum*." Major Noah, of the New York Sunday Times, gives us the following practical argument against despair, which may drive off the blues from some of our discouraged readers, if such we have. He says: "Never despair," is the advice of the portly millionaire, buttoning up his pockets and addressing a mendicant. "Never despair," says the prosperous banker, through his butler's checks, to the ruined, bankrupt merchant. "Never despair," says the flourishing man to his less fortunate neighbor. "It is a golden battle-cry in the struggle of life; but while all appreciate, few have courage to shout it. 'I will not despair.' This declaration has been made more than twenty times. We remember of one instance of two unfortunate, kicking care and despondency to their progenitor, the evil one, and doing so with success. As thus: Two decayed young men of spirit, who had been chased into a gallop by want, all the way from Mississippi to the Hudson river, arrived in New York one rainy Sunday morning in December. They were landing from a boat in which they had worked their passage, and sat down upon the end of the wharf.

"What shall we do for lodging?" inquired one.
"Don't know—do you?"
"No. Let's take a walk."
Shabby and dirty, they strolled along Broadway until they reached a mean looking drinking shop. Here they entered, imbibed their last sixpence in beer, and commenced reading the papers.

"Ah!" exclaimed one, as his eye glanced over the advertisements, "35 are offered for the best New Year's Address for the carriers of this paper—all the competitors to hand their effusions in by to-morrow."
"Well!" said the other, listlessly.
"I'll try for that prize."
"You!"

"Even I. Landlord, can you lend me a few sheets of paper, and pen and ink?"
The required articles were furnished, and the scribblers worked in silence four long hours at the end of which time he shouted—

"It is done!"
"Read it," said his companion.

The matter was read and approved. It was carried to the office. The couple walked the streets all night, and a greater portion of the next day, until the time of the decision affected the award of the prize. The needy man entered the sanctum of the great committee, and emerged into the street the possessor of \$25. Twenty were saved, whilst five were devoted to the payment of a week's very common board. The balance was invested in a very humble business—the book business on a slender scale. It was prosperous—the light-hearted, but thinly clad couple were permitted to reap the reward of unflagging industry and unconquerable perseverance. It is seven years since the event we have narrated occurred, and now the firm is as well known as it can be.

A despairing man is unfitted for successful intercourse with the world. He cannot overcome difficulties, nor fight with dangers which "retreat when boldly confronted;" when reverses engender despair, and begot the gnawings of despondency, then the victim is fit for criminal deductions or suicide. Every one's motto should be—if constitutional peculiarities will permit—"Never despair."

BUSINESS CARDS.

AARON HINCHMAN,
BOOK AND FANCY
JOB PRINTER,
SALEM, OHIO.

At the Office of the "Honested Journal," on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms.
Office one door North of E. W. Williams' Store.
January 2nd, 1848.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES,
BOOTS AND SHOES, (Eastern and Western.) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at
TRESCOTTS,
Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

DAVID WOODRUFF,
MANUFACTURER OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES, &c.
A general assortment of carriages constantly on hand, made of the best materials and in the neatest style. All work warranted.
Shop on Main street, Salem, O.

C. DONALDSON & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
No. 18, Main street, Cincinnati.
January, 1848.

BENJAMIN BOWN,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCER,
TEA-DEALER, FRUITERER,
AND DEALER IN
Pittsburgh Manufactured Articles.
No. 141, Liberty Street,
PITTSBURGH.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.
Peltone splendid outline Maps, Baldwin's pronouncing Geographical Gazetteer, and "Naylor's system of teaching Geography," for sale by J. Hambleton of this place. He is also prepared to give instruction to classes, or to individuals who wish to qualify themselves for teaching the science of Geography according to this new, superior, and (where tried) universally approved system. Address by letter or otherwise, Salem, Col., Co. O.
Oct. 6th, 1848.

FRUIT TREES.
The proprietor has on hand a handsome lot of FRUIT TREES, comprising Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, and Cherry trees, and some Grape Vines and Ornamental Trees—all of which he will sell on reasonable terms at his residence in Goshen, Mahoning Co., 44 miles north-west of Salem.
ZACHARIAH JENKINS, Jr.
August 11, 1848.

A good family Horse, 6 years old, for sale.
Enquire of JAS. BARNABY.

Agents for the "Bugle."
OHIO.

New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and I. Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marion; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnston.
New Lyme; Marsena Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swayne.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harveysburg; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Newton Falls; Dr. Homer Earle.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Richfield; Jerome Harburt, Elijah Peer, Lodi; Dr. Still.
Chester; Roads; H. W. Curtis.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson.

INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Packet.
Economy; Ira C. Mansley.
Penn; John L. Michner.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.